

# CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE

## MISSIONARY WEEKLY

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### Editorial

REMEMBER the New York Convention in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, from Monday, March 10th to March 17th. The opening service will be held on Monday evening at 7.30 P.M. Among the many friends whom we expect to be with us and take part in the exercises are; Rev. D. Udegaff, Mount Pleasant; Rev. A. Hussey, Mount Pleasant; Rev. J. Morrow, Pittsburgh; Rev. Dr. Peck, Boston; Rev. D. W. Lelacheur, Portland; Rev. I. Luce, Maine; Rev. C. W. Ryder, Providence; Rev. W. H. Walker, Bridgeport; Rev. J. S. Haugh, Long Island; Rev. H. C. McBride, Jamaica, L.I.; Rev. Mr. Pannell, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson, New York; Rev. Dr. Cookman, New York; Rev. V. C. Hart, New York; Rev. H. W. George, New Jersey; Rev. Mr. de Vries, Peekskill; Miss Carrie F. Judd, Buffalo; Miss E. Scovill, Nashville; Miss M. Gordon, Nashville; Mrs. Beck, Philadelphia; Miss Tobey, Boston; Miss Moorehead, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Brodie, London, England, and others.

In view of the annual business meeting of the Christian Alliance to be held during the approaching Convention, it is requested that all branches and auxiliaries that have not

yet reported, will do so at once to the Secretary of Auxiliaries and Branches, Rev. W. H. Walker, Bridgeport, Connecticut, in order that he may be able to prepare a report for the annual meeting.

Much attention will be given to the Subject of Missions at this meeting, and a public missionary meeting will be held on the afternoon of Sabbath, March 16th, at four o'clock.

ing, as the pioneer of this work in the Land of the Bible.

It is a great pleasure to welcome again to our midst our beloved friend, Mrs. Brodie of London, who will be with us during the Convention, and for a few weeks thereafter, and will hold a number of special services in Berachah chapel soon after the Convention.

A very delightful meeting was held in the Gospel Tabernacle, on the evening of Tuesday, February 11th, to bid farewell to Miss Lucie Dunn, a former student of the N.Y. Missionary Training College, who was to sail the following day to begin mission work in Palestine. She gave a simple and interesting sketch of her call to this work, and was followed by Mr. W. H. Conley of Alleghany, who told how the Lord had laid her on his heart and led him at various times to provide for her needs, as well as, at this time to send her to her field, as he has so nobly done, and make ample provision for her future needs. On the following day Miss Dunn sailed for Syria, with a large party of Americans, and by Easter will be amid the scenes of the Resurrection. She was one of the best and brightest of our students and we commend her to the richest blessing,

Our friends will be glad to know that the Lord has given us a lovely new Berachah Home, and, although much hurried in the final arrangements, yet we hope to be in fair condition to welcome our guests by Monday afternoon, March 10th.

It is most delightfully adapted to its proposed work, and we ask the prayers of our friends that it may be made a mighty blessing to all parts of the world. It is intended, not only as a place of rest for those who wish to wait on God for a deeper spiritual life and physical strength, but also as a place of reunion and a temporary home for our friends from all parts of the land when in New York. It has all the comforts of a family hotel with the hallowed atmosphere of a Christian Home and a Father's house. We shall give a full account of it in our next number.

## Christ our Saviour and Sanctifier.

### A Sanctified Spirit.

*A Sermon Preached By Rev. A. B. Simpson in the  
Gospel Tabernacle, New York, Feb. 1890.*

HAVING seen the source and meaning of sanctification, let us next trace its sphere and extent. "I pray God to sanctify you through and through" is the meaning of this verse. And then he specifies the three-fold division of our human nature, the spirit, the soul and the body as respectively the subjects of this work of grace. The Divine Trinity has its counterpart in human nature, at least in some feeble measure. Man has been called a trichotomy or a triplex nature, and there seems good ground to claim that this division is recognized in the Scriptures. In the original account of man's creation the body is first distinctly mentioned—"the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground." Then we have the soul and spirit clearly distinguished in the words which follow, "God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul." We have first the breath or spirit of the Almighty imparted into man's higher being and then the psychical principle constituting him a living soul.

Again in the account of our Lord's childhood we have the same division. "The child grew," His physical life; "waxed strong in spirit," His spiritual; "filled with wisdom," His intellectual or soul life. Again in I Cor. ii, the apostle Paul very clearly distinguishes between the soul and the spirit in man. The psychical man, that is the soul man, he tells us, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned, but he that is spiritual discerneth all things." The psychical man therefore is the man of the soul, the spiritual man is the man of quickened spirit. It will be noticed that in this passage he

begins with the spirit and gradually descends to the soul and body as the subjects of sanctification. This is quite instructive and significant.

The other day in speaking to our builders, they remarked "we always work from the top storey downward and end with the basement, and so we never go back over our unfinished work, or need to soil the floors that have been cleansed and completed." And so in God's great house, He works from the top downward. So it is in the growth of the tree. Let it add a thousand layers, you will find that not one is laid on from the outside but each of them has a separate growth from the innermost pith of the tree. The tree's life is from within, outward. So in the Tabernacle, the great symbol of spiritual truth, in the account given us in the book of Exodus, we find Jehovah beginning in the Holy of Holies in the Ark of the Covenant, and traveling outward until He has traversed the sanctuary with all its sacred vessels, and reached the external court, with its laver and altar of sacrifice.

Beautiful type of the work of sanctifying grace; the holy Shekinah of the Divine spirit and the indwelling Christ in the innermost chamber of the spirit and spreading their heavenly life and influence abroad through every part until they penetrate every faculty of the soul and every organ of the physical being with their transforming and consecrating power.

#### I. WHAT IS THE SPIRIT?

In a word it may be said that it is the Divine element in man, or perhaps more correctly, that which is cognizant of God. It is not the intellectual or mental or æsthetic or sensational part of man but the spiritual, the higher nature, that which recognizes and holds converse with the heavenly and Divine.

1. It is that in us which knows God, which directly and immediately is conscious of the Divine presence and can hold fellowship with Him hearing His voice, beholding His glory, receiving intuitively the im-

pression of His touch and the conviction of His will, understanding and worshiping His character and attributes, speaking to Him in the spirit and language of prayer and praise and heavenly communion. It is also directly conscious of the other world of evil spirits, and knows the touch of the enemy as well as the voice of the Shepherd.

2. The spirit is that which recognizes the difference between right and wrong, which loves the right and thinks, discerns, chooses in harmony with righteousness. It is the moral element in human nature. It is the region in which conscience speaks and reigns. It is the seat of righteousness and purity and sanctity, it is that which resembles God, the new man created in righteousness and true holiness after His image. Every one must be conscious of such an element in his being and feel that it is essentially different from the mere faculties of the understanding or the feelings of the heart.

3. The spirit is that which chooses, purposes, determines and thus practically decides the whole question of our action and obedience. In short, it is the region of the will, that mightiest impulse of human nature, that almost Divine prerogative which God has shared with man, His child, that very helm of life on whose decision hang the whole issues of character and destiny. What a momentous force it is, and how essential that it be wholly sanctified! As it is, or is not, sanctified, the life is one of obedience or disobedience, and when the will is right, and the choice is fixed, and the eye is single, God recognizes the heart as true and pure. "If there be a willing mind it is accepted according to what a man hath and not according to what he hath not."

4. The spirit is that which trusts. Confidence is one of its attributes and exercises. It is the filial quality in the child of God which looks in the Father's face without a cloud, which lies upon His bosom without a fear and puts its hand in His with

the abandonment of child-like simplicity.

5. The spirit is that which loves God. It is not now the human emotional love of which we speak, for that belongs to the lower nature of the soul and may be most fully developed in one whose spirit is still dead to God in trespasses and sins, but it is that Divine love which is the direct gift of the Holy Spirit and the true spring of all holiness and obedience. It is nothing less than the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit and its appropriate sphere is the human heart.

6. The spirit is that which glorifies God, which makes His will and honor its supreme aim and loses itself in His glory. The very conception of such an aim is foreign to the human mind and can be only received by a spirit which has been born again and created in the Divine image.

7. The spirit is that which enjoys God, which hungers for His presence and fellowship and finds its nourishment, its portion, its satisfaction, its inheritance in Himself as its all and in all.

— This wonderful element of our human nature is subject to all the sensibilities and susceptibilities which we find in a coarser form in our physical life. There are spiritual senses and organs just as real and intense as those of our physical frame. We find them distinctly recognized in the Scriptures. There is the sense of spiritual hearing "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches," "Blessed are your ears, for they hear," "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me." There is the sense of vision, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty and the land that is very far off." "Looking unto Jesus," "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord," "Having eyes see they not," "He hath sent me to open the blind eyes and to turn them from darkness unto light and the power of Satan unto God." There is the sense of spiritual touch, "That I may apprehend, (or, grasp with my hand) that for which I am appre-

hended of Christ Jesus." "Who touched me?" "As many as touched Him were made perfectly whole." There is the sense of taste, "He that eateth me shall live by me," "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good," "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." There is the sense of smell. Very definitely it is referred to in the 11th Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him and shall make him of quick smell in the fear of the Lord." The spirit is a real subsistence, and when separated from the body after death it will have the same consciousness as when in life, and perhaps intenser powers of feeling, action and enjoyment.

Such is a brief view of this supreme endowment of our humanity, this upper chamber of the house of God, this higher nature received from our Creator, and lost, or at least degraded, defiled and buried through our sin and fall.

## II. WHAT IS IT FOR THE SPIRIT TO BE SANCTIFIED?

It is indispensable first of all that it be quickened into life. Naturally it is dead, and the work of regeneration quickens it into vitality as a new born life, breathed; given from Heaven as unto us in the first creation, as from the very lips of God. So in one sense the unregenerate soul is not spiritually alive. Its faculties are alive, its animal life is active, but its spiritual vitality is suspended. It is true there is a kind of spiritual life in the sinner but there is also a horrible life in the corpse that is buried in yonder tomb, given over to the horrible forms of life which prey upon it. And so the spirit of the ungodly is alive, but it is possessed with the demon spirits of evil and alive unto sin and Satan, as the regenerate soul is alive unto God.

But now what is a sanctified spirit?

1. It is a spirit separated. Have you ever looked upon the dark, cold ground in early spring, through which, if you drew your hand, it would chill and defile your fingers and perhaps it was mixed with the manure of the barnyard and the

crawling earth worms that burrowed in it. Yet have you never seen, growing out of that dark soil, a little plant or flower, with roots as white as the driven snow, and leaf as delicate and petals as pure as a baby's dimpled cheek, separated by its own nature and purity from the dirty soil that was all round it and could not even stain it? So the spirit born of God is separated in its own Divine nature from its own self and the sinful heart, and the very first step of sanctification is to recognise this separation and count ourselves no longer the same person, but partakers of the Divine nature and alive unto God as those who have been raised from the dead. And as such we are to separate our spirit from all that is not of God; not only from sin but from the world and from self and our whole old natural life. All our spiritual instincts, senses and organs are to be separated from evil and intuitively to turn away from even the touch and approach of temptation. We are to refuse to hear with our inward ear the stranger's voice, to see with the spirit's eye the fascinating vision of temptation, to touch in spiritual contact any unclean thing, to taste even the forbidden joy, and by the quick sense of smell at once recognize and turn from the unwholesome atmosphere, and as evil of any kind is revealed to the spirit it is to renounce it and to ask God to separate it from it and to put the gulf of His presence between the soul and the sin.

And it must be separated even from the spirits of others, and indeed from any human spirit that could control it apart from the will of God. All the aspects of the spirit which we have already referred to must be separated. The higher consciousness that knows God must be separated from all other Gods but Him. The moral senses that knows right must separate from all wrong. The will must be separated from the choice or inclination of all but His will. The power of trust must be voluntarily separated from every thought of unbelief or distrust. The power to love must be wholly separated from for-

hidden love. The aim and motive must be separated from all that is not for His glory, the source of its pleasure must be purified and the spirit separated from all joy that is not in harmony with the joy of the Lord. Beloved, is your spirit thus separated, cleansed, and detached from everything that could defile or distract you from the will of God and life of holiness?

#### A SANCTIFIED SPIRIT IS A DEDICATED SPIRIT.

Its powers of apprehension are dedicated to know God and to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. His word is the object of its deepest study and meditation and His attributes and His glory the theme of its most delightful contemplation. To know God and to be filled with His spirit and to be ever in His presence is its highest aim. Its will is dedicated to God. It chooses Him deliberately as its portion and its sovereign Lord and delights to abandon itself to His entire possession and to His perfect will. It is this element of a single heart and a supreme choice of God which constitutes what the Scriptures call a perfect heart and which they affirm of many a Christian whose steps were not always perfect. Every moral sense in the sanctified spirit is dedicated to God. It chooses His standards of right and wrong and desires above all things to bear His image and be conformed to His nature.

Its power of trusting is dedicated. It is determined to trust God under any circumstances and in spite of all feelings, as an act of will that chooses to believe His word notwithstanding every discouragement and temptation. A spirit that thus chooses God will be sustained by the very faith of God Himself imparted to it.

Its love is dedicated and its power of loving. It chooses to love God supremely and to love all as God would have us to love, regarding every human being in the light of God and His will, and adjusting itself to every relationship in such a manner as to please God. It is dedicated to the glory of God. It accepts this and not the applause of men or its own pleasing as the true end and purpose of life and lays itself a living sacrifice on His altar.

And further it is dedicated to enjoy God. It chooses Him as its portion, its happiness, its all and in all, and consents to find all its satisfaction in Him and Him alone, whether it be in the loss of every other channel of

happiness or by His filling all the springs of life with Himself.

A dedicated spirit is thus wholly given to God, to know Him, to choose His will, to resemble His character, to trust His word, to love Him supremely, to glorify Him only, to enjoy Him wholly and to belong to Him utterly, unreservedly, and forever. All its senses, susceptibilities and capacities are dedicated to Him. It yields itself to Him to be made by Him all that He would have it to be and to have His perfect will wrought out by it forever. It chooses to hear only what He would speak, to see only what He would have it behold, to touch only at His bidding and to use every power and capability in and for Him only. It regards itself henceforth as His property, subject to His disposal and existing for His great purpose regarding it. It is consecrated not so much to the work, or the truth, or the cause, or the church, as to the Lord. And this is done gladly, freely, without fear or reservation, but as a great privilege and honor to be permitted thus to belong to so great and good a Master, and have Him undertake so uncongenial a task as our sanctification and exaltation.

This dedication of our spirit can be made in the very first moment of consecration and before we have a single conscious experience or feeling answering to the dedication we make. As empty vessels as bare possibilities with nothing in us yet but the entire consent of our will to be all that the Lord would have us, we yield ourselves to God according to His will.

It is possible for us once for all and not knowing perhaps one thousandth part of all that it means, to give ourselves to God for all that He understands it to mean, and to know henceforth that we are utterly and eternally the Lord's as certainly as we shall know that we are the Lord's, after we have been a million years in glory.

#### THE SANCTIFIED SPIRIT IS A SPIRIT FILLED WITH THE PRESENCE AND SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

What it gives to Him is only a possibility. It is His presence that makes it a reality. Even when dedicated it is but a vessel, empty and meet for the Master's use. It is He who fills it and pours it out for the supply of the needs of others or to satisfy the desire of His own heart. Even the consecration which we make to God, the very act of dedication itself, has to be made perfect by His grace. We cannot even yield

ourselves to Him in a manner that is without imperfection, but we can choose to be His, and then He will come into our dedicated will and make the living sacrifice worthy of His holy altar.

We can lie down upon that altar in full surrender and then He, the great Burnt-Offering, will lie down by our side and offer Himself in us to God as a sacrifice of sweet-smelling savor. This was really the meaning of the Burnt Offering of old. The offerer did not offer himself, but touched the spotless lamb and it became the perfect offering. So with our hand upon the head of Christ, our consecration is accepted in Him, and He comes into our will and our spirit, and so unites Himself with us that the sacrifice is acceptable and complete.

And so again our knowledge of God and fellowship with Him, are dependent upon His own grace to be made effectual. We dedicate our spirit to God, and then He reveals Himself to us, opening the eyes of our understanding, showing us the person of Christ, unfolding His truth to our spiritual apprehension, and making us to see light in His own light.

It is wonderful how the untutored mind will thus often, in a short time, by the simple touch of the Holy Spirit, be filled with the most profound and scriptural teaching of God and the plan of salvation through Christ. We once knew a poor girl, saved from a life of infamy and but little educated, in a few days rise to the most extraordinary acquaintance with the Scriptures and the whole plan of redemption, through the simple anointing of the Holy Spirit. We simply give to Him our spirit that it may know Him and He fills it with His light and revelation.

So again we choose to be transformed to His image, but we cannot create that image by our own morality or struggles after righteousness. We must be created anew in His likeness by His own Spirit and stamped with His resemblance by His heavenly seal impressed directly upon our heart from His hand. And thus He does become to us our holiness, for Christ is made unto us our sanctification, and we are made the righteousness of God in Him. We turn from the sin, choose to be holy, and God fills our proffered hand with His own spotless righteousness.

So again, our faith is but the filling of His Spirit and the imparting of the faith of God. We choose to trust and He makes that choice good by

enabling us to believe, and to continue in the faith grounded and settled, and so living by the faith of the Son of God. Our love is but a purpose on our part, the power is His; for when we chose to love He sheds abroad that love within us and imparts to us His own Spirit and nature, which is love. All our struggles will not work up one throb of genuine love to God but He will breathe His own perfect love into any heart that chooses to make Him the one object of affection. We cannot love our enemies but we can choose to love them and God will enable us to love them. Often have we known a consecrated character placed in circumstances where they were obliged to come in contact with uncongenial companions whom they could not love; but, choosing at His bidding to act in the spirit of love, God has so imbreathed His very heart, that without a struggle they could adjust themselves to this relationship and meet the uncongenial associate or even enemy, with quietness and even tenderness, and a holy desire for his highest good.

So again, it is with His joy in us. And so likewise the power to glorify Him is nothing more nor less simply this, to let God Himself be manifested in us and so glorify Himself, as others see Him reflected through us. Sanctification is thus God's own life in the spirit that is yielded up to Him to be His dwelling place and the instrument of His power and will. So also of our spiritual senses of which we have spoken. They are sanctified when they become the organs of God's operation, when our spiritual ear is quickened by His Spirit our spiritual eyes opened by His touch, our spiritual taste and touch and smell made alive by His own quickening life within us.

Now beloved, have you ever learned this wonderful secret of a regenerated spirit and God's Spirit, the Guest and Occupant of that consecrated abode? Shall we illustrate this somewhat lofty conception by a simple illustration? Here is a common leather case which represents the body. Within it is a silver casket, which stands for the soul. We touch a spring and it opens and discloses an exquisite golden locket, which we shall consider as the symbol of the spirit or higher nature, and within that golden locket there is a place all set with precious gems for a single picture.

Is it empty in your spirit or is it filled with some other face, or is it

dedicated to and occupied by your blessed Lord? Is it His shrine and His home and has He accepted it and made it the seat of His glorious abode and the throne of His blessed kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost? Or are there some who read these lines who have not yet even learned the meaning of their own spirit and do not know whether it has yet been quickened from the dead and prepared to be the seat of Christ's indwelling? All that they know of life consists in the physical organism, their mental faculties and their human affections. They have a keen, quick human life, all aglow with emotion and mental activity, but the spirit, alas alas! is so dead and cold that it has not even caught the grasp of these higher thoughts that we have been contemplating.

Ah? beloved, there is one world that you have not yet entered, and that is the eternal world to which you are hastening. The life you are living can never introduce you to the sphere of heavenly beings, for "flesh and blood cannot inherit eternal life, nor corruption incorruption." Your physical life will wither like the flowers of summer, your mental endowments will rise to the highest human rank, but will not touch the joy of that celestial realm. You must have another nature before you can enter the kingdom of heaven. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God?"

Just suppose for a moment a man going over to a great musical festival in Germany. He enters the great Concert Hall but he does not know a single word of the language spoken nor has he the faintest germ of musical taste. To him the words are unmeaning gutturals and the notes, a jargon of confusing noises. He could understand a problem in mathematics, he could discourse with them with eloquence in English on question of politics or philosophy, but he is out of place, he does not possess the key to their society or enjoyment.

And so let us suppose the highest intellect of earth entering the society of heaven. To him their songs and joys would all seem as incomprehensible as the conversation of a cultivated home circle would be to the little dog that sits at their feet or the canary that sings in the window. It belongs to a different race and cannot touch their world. Nor could such a man have one point of contact with these heavenly beings. It would be

another world, a world unknown, a world as barren as a wilderness; and from its scenes he would be glad to haste to find some congenial fellowship. He cannot reach its range because it is a spiritual race of beings, and he has but an intellectual nature. And, on the other hand, they would have as little interest in him as his range is infinitely below theirs.

We can imagine the porter of yonder gates asking him what he knows and he begins to tell them about the lore of classical culture, the mythologies of Greece or the monuments of Egypt. The angel smiles with pity and answers, "Why these splendid memories of which you speak are not worthy of comparison with the world in which we dwell. The grandest temple of Egypt would not make a pedestal for one of the stairs of heaven." Perhaps he tells them of astronomy, the distance or magnitude of the stars. "Why," the angel answers, "we have no need of these dim and distant calculations here. There is not one of yonder worlds we have not visited and we could tell you ten thousand times more of its mysteries than you have ever dreamed of, but the glories of these cannot be compared with the glory of Him who sits upon the throne, whom you have of eyes to see or the sweetness of these redemption songs which you cannot even hear because you have not ears to hear. One thrill of the rapture we feel you cannot ever know because your heart has not been quickened in one heavenly chord. You do not belong here. You live in the lower realm of mind alone, but this is the Home of God and those who have received His nature, His Spirit and are admitted as His children to dwell in His presence and share His infinite and everlasting joy.

Beloved this is the high calling which is given to every one of Adam's race who had heard the gospel. You may become a son of God, you may receive a new spirit which can know and enjoy Him and that spirit can be so sanctified, so cleansed, so enlarged, so filled with Himself, as to be able to reach the highest sublimity of His grace and glory and joy. Will you separate it from all that defiles and dwarfs it? Will you dedicate it to Him to be exalted to its highest possible destiny and will you henceforth receive Him to be its life and purity, its satisfaction, its nature, and its ALL and in ALL?

### The Secret of Power.

Do you not sometimes moan over your want of power? You stand face to face with devil-tormented people, but you cannot cast the devil out. You feel that you ought to confess Christ in the workshop, the commercial room, the railway carriage, and the home, but your lips refuse to utter the message of the heart. Yes and worse than all, you are constantly being overcome by besetting sins which carry you whither you would not. There is a lamentable lack of power amongst us. Not many can roll back the tide of battle from the gates, nor wield the weapons, which were child's play to the saints of olden times. I learnt a lesson about this the other day in my Firewood Factory, where we provide employment for men or boys. We use a circular saw for cutting through the beams of solid timber. Until recently, this saw was worked by a crank, turned by twelve or fifteen men. But it was slow, hard and expensive work. At last we were driven to something more expeditious and bought a gas engine. And now the saw, driven by this engine, does in two or three hours as much work as it did formerly in a day, and at less than a tenth of the cost. It is the same saw; but the difference lies in the power that drives it. It used to be driven by hand-power, now it is driven by an equivalent for steam, and the only thing we need to do is to keep the connecting band tight.

It is not a question as to our abilities or qualifications, but of the power behind us. If that is nothing more than human, it is not surprising that the results are miserably poor. But if we link ourselves to the Eternal Power of God, nothing will be impossible to us. "All things are possible to him that believeth." The great matter is to see that the connecting band of Faith is in good order. Apart from the vine the branch can do nothing.

But where can I find the Power of God?

Jesus Christ is the reservoir in which the Power of God is stored. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." All power is His. He would not receive it from the devil

on the mountain of temptation, but He laid claim to it on the mountain of Ascension. Listen to His majestic words, "All power is given me in heaven and on earth." In that august moment He united in Himself the power, which He had as the Son of Man, with the power He had with the Father before the world was. And now all power resides in Him for evermore, not for Himself only, but for us.

How may I get this power for myself?

By faith. Each time you are face-to-face with some difficulty, or temptation, or service, lift up your heart to the living Saviour, draw upon Him, let Him feel that you are depending on Him for the word to say, and the strength to say it. And immediately there will be a welling up of power within your heart, as lakes are filled from hidden springs.

Meyer.

### A Legend

that is told in the far east about Him. He was walking through the street of a city and He saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said "What a loathsome object is that dog!" Yes," said another "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcase is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said; "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant connected with a dead dog said "This must be Christ."

"An Agnostic" wrote to a London journal in the following terms:

"I have read Mr Spurgeon's 'Down Grade' Manifesto, and to my most certain knowledge it contains a series of charges which are as just as they are severe. A year ago I entered a certain theological seminary with a view to study for the ministry. Partly as the result of the teaching I received there, I am now a convinced agnostic. I have therefore abandoned the ministry, to which from my early boyhood I had looked forward. These words are easy to write, but they tell of an exercise of mind and a wrench of life which I could not wish for my bitterest enemy."

### My Refuge.

"In the secret of thy presence."—  
Psalm xxxi: 20.

The following verses were written by Ellen Lakshim Goreh, a Mahratta Brahmin lady of the highest caste. She was born at Benares, September 11th, 1853, and is now at Amritsar, in the Punjab, working as a missionary among her own country-women, often encountering opposition, but also often cheered by finding women glad to listen to the Gospel story, and by getting welcomes here and there, even in the darkest places.

In the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide!

Oh! how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,

For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of his wing

There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;

And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet;

If I tried I could not utter what he says when thus we meet

Only this I know; I tell him all my doubt and griefs and fears;

Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul he cheers!

Do you think he never reproves me? What a false friend he would be,

If he never, never told me of the sins which he must see!

Do you think that I could love him half as well, or as I ought,

If he did not tell me plainly of my sinful deed and thought?

No, he is so very faithful, and that makes me trust him more,

For I know that he does love me, though he wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward

And when'er you leave the silence of the special meeting-place,

You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy,

If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy;

You may always be abiding, at you will, at Jesus' side,

In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.



# Christ Our Healer.

Friday Meeting, New York.

Mrs. Brodie of England was present at the meeting and gave an address upon Divine healing, first reading the accounts of five cases of healing in the New Testament, all of which occurred on the Sabbath day. The first was the man with the withered hand, Matt. xii: 9; the second, the woman with a spirit of infirmity, Luke xiii: 11; the third, the man with dropsy, Luke xiv: 2; the fourth, the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, John v: 1; and the fifth, the blind man, John ix: 1. In speaking of these cases Mrs. Brodie said they were all incurables. If living in our land at the present day they would probably be put in an incurable hospital. Why did not the Lord tell them to have patience and suffer according to the will of God? He could not because it was not His will that they should so suffer. He had come to bring God's love to the world and these sufferers He knew were bound by the power of Satan.

These five persons had all come to the point of despair, and when Jesus came to them it was on the Sabbath day. The Sabbath was the day of rest, and He set His seal upon it as the highest of all days, by bringing man back upon that day to what he ought to be. These people had come to the point of despair and to an end of their own ideas and struggles. Then the Lord had a chance to work with them. He wants us to come where we shall be dead to human sympathy and human pity. When he told the man with the withered hand to stretch it forth there was no question in the man's mind as to whether Jesus could make it whole. He believed what was said to him and felt no care or fear. "We which have believed do enter into rest." It was so in conversion. When did we get the knowledge that we were saved? Not when we were arguing, and struggling, and sighing, and looking to people for help, but when we laid this all down and believed the simple

word of Jesus. This is so also for the higher truth of sanctification. When seeking this blessed place the soul is like a ship in the midst of a troubled sea, but the moment it believes that Jesus says, "I will keep thee!" and gets still at his feet, not knowing how He will do it but sure that He will, there is rest. Faith is not a confidence in what the Lord has done for us, but it is taking God at His word and stepping out on that word, because He tells us to do so. When we reach the point of stillness in Christ then the blessing will come. If the soul is agitated or troubled there is necessity for getting still before God. If this unrest comes from unanswered prayer perhaps the praying even must be stopped for a time. Above all things, get still. Give Him a chance to talk to you and He will soon begin. Then while you are occupied with Him you will soon find He is being occupied with you, and if your great need is physical healing it has begun in the moment of stillness.

The woman who had been bound with the spirit of infirmity for eighteen years and could in no wise lift herself up was called to come to Jesus, and He loosed her from her infirmity. She was where she could not help herself, and then she was able to glorify God. Her healing was on the Sabbath day, and the ruler of the synagogue spoke with indignation about it. It was a dreadful thing to thus break through the Jewish traditions. Jesus is waiting to-day to see who is going to get rest in spite of the Scribes and Pharisees. He is saying to us that through all these years, we have been divorcing the soul from the body. His redemption is for the one as well as for the other. Many of his children who have taken their souls to Him and been saved, take their bodies to the doctors to be made well. Jesus used a strong term about it, "Thou hypocrite." If this was the only case of healing in the Bible it seems to me it would be sufficient to establish the truth of Christ's power to heal the body as the soul.

Let us not overlook the precious teaching of these passages, that God would have us all enter into the

Sabbath of rest. We can only get there by taking long looks at Jesus.

A cook we had recently in London, a dear child of God, had learned to trust God for physical healing and had received some blessed answers to her prayer's in this regard. Recently she had a very sore finger which she brought to me to pray about. I began to have a feeling that she was leaning a little too much upon me and that the Lord wanted me to push her off a little more upon Himself. When at last her finger became exceedingly painful, I advised her to go home for a few days of rest; her father I knew was an earnest believer in Divine healing. This was on Thursday. On Monday she came back perfectly well. She said when she reached home her father said, "What's the matter, Rose." She showed him her finger and said, "Isn't that a bad finger, father?" He answered, "Rose, you need to take a long look at Jesus!" She went to her room thinking her father would follow her, but he did not. Next morning her finger was much worse. It seemed to be dead to the knuckle, and the end had turned green. She was a little frightened about it, and went to a physician whom she heard believed in Divine healing, to ask what was the trouble with it. When she got into his office she knew in a moment that he was not a Christian by the appearance of the room, and she was sorry she came, and asked the Lord to forgive her. Very soon he came in, a clever, intelligent looking man, and asked her errand. She told him she had a bad finger and had come to see what was the matter with it. When he saw it he said, "Is it possible you have such a finger as that and have not poulticed it or done anything for it? Why it has begun to mortify? You must let me lance it right away." Her fear of really disobeying God was now so great that it lent her courage. She looked in his face and said, "Sir, do you believe in God?" He was surprised at her question and said, "What do you mean? Of course I believe in God." She replied, "I believe He is able to heal my finger without a poultice or your lancet." Her simple faith impressed the doctor and after some further conversation

she left him. All doubt had vanished and she was in the Sabbath of rest. That afternoon there came a sudden rush of blood through her finger and it broke discharging all the poisonous matter. On Monday she returned to her place and went about her work as usual. She had reached the place of stillness in Christ.

A sister who had been wonderfully healed some years ago, said that recently she had been suffering from a terrible fever. It seemed to her that the Lord was calling her apart to a desert place to rest awhile. Deliverance did not come at once and as she prayed about it the answer she received was, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." The one thing God wanted of her was to get still before Him, and as she did so, sweet rest came into both soul and body. She had seemed to touch a deeper life in Christ ever since. He had become more real to her than ever. She praised Him for the sickness. Her whole being was full of rest.

A sister from B—spoke of a meeting which was held there in the cause of Divine healing. It was small but very helpful to those who came to it. A burden of prayer had been laid on them for the city of B—. This January, in answer to their prayer, the Lord sent an Evangelist to the city, whose helper was a young man of great faith. He seemed to be dwelling in the very Sabbath of rest. The Lord very marvelously opened the way for meetings, and many whom they had not been able to reach listened to the story of Christ's power to save and heal from his lips. She felt that she had not been true to Him in that city and this had been a great help to her in her work.

A precious testimony was borne to the power of God to help in little things. A sister had a noisy room facing on 23rd Street, and being a very nervous person was unable to sleep at night on account of the noise. She did not like to change the room as it was pleasant and sunny. One night as she was lying awake the thought came to her, why not trust the Lord about this. The question almost staggered her at first for she thought if it should fail how it would

affect her faith. As soon as she was conscious of that thought, she arose and threw her window wide open, for it was a warm night and went back to bed saying she would trust the Lord for it. She fell asleep and slept like a baby until morning. God has brought her into the stillness of rest and now nothing disturbs her. She has her window open whenever she wants it, and can trust Him for anything.

Another testimony was given on the same line of trusting God for little things. A sister was making a call to which the Lord had sent her, and while there a severe storm arose which she did not perceive until she was leaving the house. She was not prepared for it but felt that she must go on to another place without minding the weather. Before she got there her skirts and feet were soaking wet. She refused her friend's kind offer on leaving to be sent home in a carriage, feeling that God was calling her to trust Him in this. She had still another call to make and felt she must not neglect it. By the time she reached home she was drenched. She would have taken a severe cold if it had not been for the Lord. That morning she had had a little fever but when the day was over the fever was gone and she had not taken cold. It was very precious to be thus able to trust the Lord for every need.

In closing, Mrs. Brodie gave a testimony by request, in regard to her work in England. After her healing nearly seven years ago she had become deeply attached to the work in New York, but the Lord took her out of it, as she saw later, that she should not come to depend too much upon the people. She had gone back to her home in Belize, and had become willing to be there or anywhere as the Lord wished. Then the way was opened for her to go to England which had long been her desire. Although the doctors had told her she would never be well again, she went to England in good health. The serious trouble from which she had been healed never attacked her again.

While in England the Lord most wonderfully opened up her way of service. She had gone to Bethshan for rest and instruction, and the third day she was there, Mrs. Baxter sent

for her and told her there had come a message from Manchester for one of their workers, Miss S., to come up and address a meeting of policemen, but Miss S. was sick and it seemed to several of them that her healing was delayed that she might be sent up in her place. She remonstrated saying she knew as yet very little of holiness. But it was replied that she knew the Lord, and not daring to refuse she went. Half an hour after leaving Miss S. was healed. She went to the crowded meeting of policemen in Manchester and God was wonderfully with her. This was the beginning of a work among the policemen in which God had greatly used her. Last fall an urgent business call came to her husband to go back for a time to Belize. There was one thing in her life that she found then had not been fully yielded to the Lord, and that was her love for the Berachah work in New York. When it seemed right that she should go to Belize, her heart said also quickly, "And New York!" but the word came at once to her, "The call is to Belize not New York." Their vessel should have come to the city on Saturday and she was looking forward to a restful Sabbath in the city, when for an unforeseen reason they were kept outside the harbor until Monday. Her heart was at rest about it, however, and she went on in quietness of spirit to Belize without her day of rest in New York. God marvelously opened her way in Belize among people to whom she had never had access before. To Him be all the praise.

### Healing and Holiness.

Obedience is the key-not to the work of God. Faith without work is dead a dead faith never acts in obeying the word any more than a dead body can move of itself. The faith of God has life in it, because it is of God begotten of the Holy Ghost through the work of God. Where the faith of God is, the power of God is, and no where else—All things are possible to him that believeth.

The word of God preached, does not profit many professors, because it is not mixed with faith in them that hear it. If we believe God we hear



receive His words, and act upon them, a proof of perfect faith, for by works is faith made perfect. He builds on the sand, who professes to believe what he is unwilling to practise. Obedience is the fruit of faith, and the only test of the love of the truth is that obedience which is better than sacrifice, as God said to Abraham. "By myself have I sworn said the Lord for because thou hast done this thing . . . that in blessing I will bless thee . . . and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed because thou hast obeyed my voice," and the Holy Ghost applies it to our hearts and consciences in these words "Seest thou how faith wrought with his works and by works was faith made perfect." Jas. ii, 22 Faith works by love, for Jesus said, "If a man love me he will keep my words," and again "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them he it is that loveth me . . . and I will love him." Obedience and the obedience of faith purifies our souls, as Peter saith "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart, fervently." The Divine order is faith, love, obedience and fruit, unto holiness and healing. Healing under the law was promised to the obedient as it is written, I am the Lord that healeth. Ex. xv. 26

The modern Pharisee like his elder Jewish brethren often enquires "What do we" in the matter of Divine healing? And because he does nothing and can do nothing, because his heart is not right with God, he proposes to discredit and deny the work of God, being even wicked enough to harbor the base thought that what believers now do in the name of the Lord Jesus is the work of Satan, whereas the Lord Jesus says that "no man can do a miracle in His name that can lightly speak evil of Him," for the disciples had forbid some who were casting out devils in Jesus' name solely because they "follow not with us." The Lord looks upon the heart and they who honor Him, he will honor. Let us have faith in God, and do the works of God in the same, for we read "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it." Do we wish to be healed? Ask and receive healing according to the work of God, who will do it. I have been many times healed myself through the faith of God, and that instantly, so therefore I write and speak.

T. ANDERSON.

## Our Coming Lord.

Then Shall the End Come.

TO ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."—Mat. xxiv. 14.

"She looked forth, the Beautiful," with glad unwavering eyes,  
She sees the rosy dawn of day adown the eastern skies;  
She dons her bridal vestments now, not long hath she to wait;  
She almost hears the watchmen cry: "The King is at the gate!"

The King, her best beloved one, her very joy and pride,  
He comes in triumph now, to claim his Beautiful, his Bride;  
"The fairest among ten thousand" he, her royal Bridegroom, stands;  
His kingly courtiers make haste to do his least commands.

"Upon her brow she wears his name, his love upon her breast,"  
Ah! yes, earth's diadems grow pale beside that shining crest:  
"His signet-ring, his seamless robe, his sandals on her feet;"  
That she may haste to do his will, his coming time to greet.

She kept the faith—though fire and sword her footsteps oft have pressed;  
She kept the faith—though oft cast down, perplexed and sore-distressed,  
And now her hosts, advancing still, grow stronger day by day,  
As onward they with tireless feet press on the royal way.

To her his great commission, to her his last command,  
To tell to every creature, in every heathen land,  
This gospel of the kingdom; then would he come again,  
Would come in all his glory, with his Beloved to reign.

"A little while," he told her, must she on earth abide,  
Then would he come to claim her, his Beautiful, his Bride;  
His precious words of blessing forever will she prize,  
Ere from the mount of Olivet be entered paradise.

Then straight she passed Gethsemane, and Calvary's mountain steep,  
And close beside its rugged height she paused awhile to weep:  
For here the thorny crown was laid on her Beloved's head,  
And cruel nail-prints in his hands; he bore them in her stead.

Then swiftly on her royal way her eager footsteps go,  
His precious words of promise must all the nations know;  
"The roses of his blood-bought peace must glad each desert waste,"  
And she, with earnest loving heart, his coming time would haste.

And over many a frozen heath her sandaled feet have trod,  
To raise the standard of the Cross in honor of her God;  
Ah! yes; through seas of sorrow and fire and flood she came,  
Yet conquering and to conquer, through Christ's thrice-blessed name.

And onward through the ages her conquering heralds meet,  
Till China's millions hasten now, her Lord and King to greet;  
And India's far-off jungles, and many a heathen shrine,  
Illumined by the gospel that forevermore will shine.

Through Africa's darkened center the royal road is laid;  
She hath made room for him, her King, beneath the palm-tree's shade;  
And far-off isles of ocean their joyous poems sing,  
Rehearsing all the story of her loved Lord and King.

The doors are opened wide to-day, her heralds enter in,  
Proclaiming peace and pardon for every life of sin;  
The King's highway of holiness, through pain and fear and loss,  
Made ready for his coming by these heralds of the Cross.

The watchmen on her turrets see not yet eye to eye;  
'Tis but the early morning, the dawn is in the sky;  
But they are watching, watching, a million strong they wait,  
To shout the joyful tidings—"The King is at the gate!"

The end of all her waiting, this glorious morn will bring;  
The end of all her sorrow; the triumphs of her King;  
The bridal banquet waiting, he comes to claim his own—  
To bear her to his kingdom, to crown her on his throne.

Yes, speed thee on thy mission, O Church of Christ so fair;  
The joys of free salvation to every creature bear!  
'Mid every land and nation, to every tribe and tongue,  
And then will come the morning so long by poets sung.

CORDELIA STEWART.

## The Work at Home.

### Work in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh's beautiful Faith Home, is situated a short distance out of the business portion of the city, surrounded by a spacious lawn. Its broad verandah is shaded in the summer by noble vines, that cling to its pillars and stretch out tendrils and branches in every direction, lovingly interlacing themselves, shading from the rays of the sun, and sending the soft, cool breath of Heaven's breezes in, through their leaves, to the occupants, who are often seated there; and who, because there they learn to become acquainted with God; draw in health from God Himself, and deep spiritual draughts of light and truth, that fill with peace and rest, and end in joy.

This mansion was formerly the home of the Hon. J. R. Moorhead, who was a prominent leader for many years, in the politics of his county, and one of the most trusted and successful Christian business men of Pittsburg. At his death the place came into the hands of his daughter, Miss Mary E., who, having been an invalid for many years, was shortly after healed in answer to prayer. The gladness of the beautiful health which comes from "Himself" who lovingly bore our diseases, so rested on her, that for a time she seemed lost in wonder and joy at what God had revealed to her of His richness, freely given through His blessed Son. A Divine prompting filled her whole soul, to tell to others what God had revealed to her. "Freely ye have received, freely give" spoke to her in words that could not be put aside, and most willingly she set about obeying. This beautiful house was furnished throughout. Its spacious parlors were converted into a Chapel, and the whole given as a loving gift to the truly compassionate. God who healed her suffering body and filled her with His own peace. The gift was accepted and wonderful manifestations of God's power in both healing the body and in giving deep, spiritual blessings have been shown

to the many guests who have gathered there from different parts of the country. The tender, loving Jesus not only comes to Bethany often; but abides. The writer remembers well her first visit. A wretched invalid, suffering from an incurable disease, and filled with the disquiet and unrest that always comes to the soul that is stretching out after God and fails to recognize His presence. What a hush and quiet rested there. It seemed like a holy place. A strange soft peace was over all. It was only a foretaste of what followed, a complete restoration of health for the tired body and a spiritual peace that came from God Himself.

The place was opened, to the public on the first Thursday of May 1889. The suffering and burdened and storm-tossed were invited, and taught of that loving One who had already borne their sufferings and carried their sorrows, and who was willing to quiet the tempest in their souls. Terms for entrance to the home was made to suit the means of those who came. They were expected to give as the Lord directed. In many instances where persons were unable to pay, a way was opened to receive them. Rev. John Morrow, whom the Lord had previously prepared for the position, was sent by Him to take charge of the meetings, in the house, and with his family, removed there. From the first everything connected with the place was conducted on the faith principal. No salary was offered Mr Morrow, and he was glad of the opportunity to preach the Lord without any arrangement with his fellow-men for support. He threw the whole responsibility of the support of both himself and family on Him, from whom he had received his commission. In this as in all else, his dear wife, whose gentle ministrations in the house have been appreciated by all who visit it, most heartily concurred. One after another, persons who were healed during visits to the home, joyfully consecrated themselves to Him who had so blessed them, and offered their services there, in its various departments, without money and without price. I might mention here that the first was Miss Lucie Dunn, who was healed there and who

has so recently sailed for Palestine, as a missionary to that far-off land. A co-incidence worthy of notice, is that she expects to take up her residence in another Bethany home, in the place by that name which the Lord once loved to visit in person. The next to consecrate herself for loving services was one who has since become so connected with the place that it is difficult to think of them apart. Mrs Edwards a colored woman, was remarkably healed in answer to prayer at Bethany, and most joyfully dedicated the remainder of her life to the work in any capacity that the Lord would see fit to use her. She has been of essential service to Mrs Morrow in the housekeeping department, while many have thanked God for her child-like and wonderful faith, and life of constant praise to God. No one who has ever visited Bethany will forget "auntie" or her note of thanksgiving; this begins as she rings the rising bell in the early morning, in a song of praise and trust and goes with her in all her work through the day.

Month after month, the meetings grew in interest. Not only did people come a distance to learn of this close walk with God—many going away healed in both body and mind—but I believe I am safe in saying, that there is not a church, in either Alleghany or Pittsburg that have not had representatives from their members, healed, or blessed spiritually, at Bethany. During the second year, the chapel, which seats from 100 to 125, was filled to overflowing, and the hall and stairs were pressed into service. On the last anniversary, the large dining-room was opened into the chapel by the previous removal of the twelve feet of wall between; folding doors being substituted. This gives a seating capacity of 250; and on that day every seat in both rooms was occupied, a number still being obliged to remain in the hall and reception room.

On August, 1888, "The Faith of God," a paper published by Mr. Morrow, was first issued. It is undenominational, and published wholly on faith principles. There is no subscription price. It is sent free to all who desire it, Mr. Morrow looking to God alone for its support. The numbers

issued in each edition have increased rapidly. The last, which was in December, was forty thousand. It is published in 412 Hamilton Building, Pittsburg.

The people all through the two cities began to inquire more earnestly about the Fourfold Gospel, and as there was no literature for sale on the subject, Miss Moorhead felt an urgent call to open a place where books and tracts treating on these points could be found. The Bethany Tract Room was opened in room 411, of the same building that "The Faith of God" is published in. It has been eminently successful in bringing many to a knowledge of the fulness that may be found in Christ our Lord. The literature has been freely circulated in this place, and quantities sent to all parts of the country, not only through the East and South, but all through the West, out to the Pacific coast, through Canada and to different parts of Nova Scotia. The room has become a place of prayer, and has been wondrously blessed of God. Hungry souls have found the Burden-bearer here and have gone out free. A large correspondence has developed, not only in this room, but in the office of the "Faith of God" concerning healing for both soul and body, and many letters containing joyful thanks-giving for answers to prayers are received. All through these years a correspondence, that has also rapidly increased at Bethany, has had the attention of Miss Moorhead, and more recently of Miss Reynolds, secretary at the home, and other assistants. Through this medium many souls have been brought out into glorious light and truth, and have blessed God for what has been revealed to them. Some having been healed at Bethany, and learning of the spiritual freedom found in the fulness of Jesus, have resolved to devote their lives to the service of the Master, and are at present at Mr. Simpson's Training College in New York. Among these are the Misses Ella and Emma Bird. These young ladies have gladly resigned all their former interest in the world, and it is thought that after the completion of their studies they may enter foreign work.

Apart from the home meetings, held at Bethany for the guests and workers,

there are public meetings three times on Sunday, in the morning, afternoon and evening. That of the morning is usually confined to the subject of the Second Coming of our Lord. Meetings are held twice on Thursday, in the afternoon and evening; also on Friday one meeting is held in the evening for the study of the Sunday School lesson. On Saturday afternoon there is a children's meeting. In addition, the Bethany circle of "King's Daughters" convenes there at stated intervals. Wholly aside from these, a number of parlor services are held in different parts of the two cities, in the afternoons and evenings. One has been held, for the last three years, every Tuesday evening, at Mr. Conley's in Alleghany, which is only second to Bethany.

I should be glad to speak here, did space permit, freely, of the wonderful way in which God has honored Mr. and Mrs. Conley by using them in His service. Not only are their parlors thrown open to the public, week after week, but they feel that their home and fortune is the Lord's; all that they have is simply a part of God's banks, and when He presents a cheque it is quickly honored, and I think it pleases God to present cheques there often; for I know they often come. Far and near, the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Conley is spoken of in connection with public undertakings in the Lord's work. But aside from this, many burdens are lifted that few know of, and God's trusting ones strengthened by timely assistance. Mr. Conley has already sent out one missionary into foreign work, and I know of others who are to be provided for, from the same source, and who are expecting to enter that work.

All through last summer, Miss Moorhead heard the voice of God speaking to her that she go forward again in this work in Pittsburg, and as she considered all she had was the Lord's and she herself, only His steward, she, without any hesitation, gladly yielded to His direction. As a prominent feature in the out-growth of Bethany has been to develop consecrated workers, it was shown clearly to Miss Moorhead that a home should be provided for them, where a Bible school might be opened for further in-

struction; also it seemed it might be used largely as an annex to Bethany when that place might overflow, as frequently it was difficult to receive guests from the fact that every room in the house was occupied. Therefore last fall the beautiful mansion to the right, with its ample grounds was purchased. Miss Moorhead added this the more willingly to her loving gift to God as it had, at one time, been the home of her brother, Mr. M. K. Moorhead and family, and precious and tender remembrances were clustered around it. A peculiar point in the work here has been that the leaders have all been especially fitted and prepared by the Lord Himself, and at the right moment have been led into a place made for them. In this instance it again proved to be the case. Mrs. Smails, a person eminently qualified for the position, was first led as the need developed into the place to take charge of it. She has been most successful in her oversight, endearing herself, not only to the inmates but to all connected with the work. While it was shown to Miss Moorhead that she was the one chosen of God to supply this place, as she had been selected at first to give Bethany, it was also clearly shown that the Lord desired there should be an opportunity for others of His dear children to give of what they had received towards its support, so the workers look to Him alone who has promised to supply their needs. On the first of last October a Bible school was opened in the building, having for its leader Mr. Morrow. The number of its students already enrolled is over forty, and new inquiries for admission are weekly received. Those at present in attendance are largely residents of Alleghany and Pittsburg, who take time from their daily business for the study of God's word. No fee for instruction is charged; but it is expected that those coming from a distance will meet the expenses of board and washing. In order to make this as light as possible it has been put at the low figure of \$4.00 per week.

All through these years of loving work and obedience the compassionate Christ came again and again to dear Miss Moorhead, telling her in tender accents that could not be

doubted, that for His sake another step must be taken.

The poor of Pittsburg, the outcasts, those bound in the bondage of sin and vicious habits, must have His gospel of good tidings not only taught to them, but brought to their very door, and another step "forward" was taken, bringing, as a result, every night many anxious, hungry souls, and the beautiful revelation, that to as many as receive Him He will give eternal life.

In September last a large room or hall was opened in a building on the corner of First Avenue and Grant street. It is on the first floor, in a very neglected locality, easy of access to thousands of the burdened and bound, and will seat 250 people. Again it was proved that God makes His own selections as to workers in His different departments. Mr. White-side, assistant at North Avenue Methodist Church, who had found the Lord as his Divine healer, and eagerly accepted His Fourfold Gospel, was clearly led by God's hand into this work, just as it was awaiting a leader. He resigned his position at North Ave. Church, where he was greatly loved, and came with his dear wife, who as well as he gives her whole time to the work, and opened nightly meetings, and also one on Sunday afternoon. He found in Mr. Leech, a man whom Christ set free from the bondage of liquor, an able and willing assistant. The Lord led others of His consecrated ones into the work, as visitors in the different districts, or to hold themselves in readiness to be used in any way that may be helpful. Miss Brown, who was healed some two years since at Bethany—a trained nurse, at one time superintendent of the training school for nurses connected with the homeopathic hospital in Pittsburgh—has connected herself with the mission as a nurse for the suffering and sick among the poor. She goes without any remuneration. Fixing her eyes only on Him who says "verily thou shalt be fed," she enters the work to which she expects to devote her life, joyfully, already hearing by faith, "I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison and ye came unto me."

To the mission work, yet only in its

infancy, glorious results have already come. Many of Gods precious, yet unredeemed souls have been brought to the Redeemer and are rejoicing. The mission of that Holy One who was "anointed to preach good tidings," is so taught in its beautiful simplicity that captives are eagerly accepting liberty and the prison doors are opening of the bound. Last Saturday I was present at a meeting held for the converts. One after another, men arose telling the glorious things Christ had done for them. Now He had found them in the lowest depths of degradation, chained by their love for strong drinks and bound in the prison of vicious habits. They told joyfully how His strong tender hands had reached down to them, lifting them up to security, and filling them with a new peace. In nearly every instance it was asserted positively that it was not that Jesus had given strength to overcome their habit of drink; but that He had so filled them with Himself that all desire for it was removed; and they had actually become "new creatures," rejoicing in His liberty. It required a stretch of the imagination to realize that some of these men, but a short time previous, had been terrors in their neighborhood, feared by all who came in contact with them, their children fleeing at their approach, their wives heart-broken. What seemed particularly striking was the fact that these people, accepting justification through Christ, were being led by Himself through His word, into the deeper truths; that they were taking Him as their sanctifier, catching glimpses of His near coming, and a few proclaiming they had been healed by Him. The faces of all beamed with the reflection of the new found joy in their hearts. Surely, when He comes in that glorious near future, to make up His jewels, these redeemed souls will be given a wondrous place as members of the bride.

One other step is talked of. Mrs. Marks, who also has been healed by the Lord at Bethany, has felt His touch of compassion resting on her for homeless orphans, and contemplates the probability of opening her home, in the near future for the reception of a few of those about her, looking for guidance for their future to Him who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

And so the work goes on. Guided by God in the past, the future is joyfully placed in His hands, believing that since He guides, whatever may come will be well.

J. A. H.

## The Work Abroad.

### The Soudan.

BY REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS

Where is it? Who thinks or cares about it? Yet its people number *eighty to ninety millions*; more people than in all the United States, and in North America.

Everybody knows about the Congo, Stanley has made it famous. "To most the Congo is 'the New World in Central Africa.' Yet the Soudan is greater than the Congo region, in extent and population. It is a newer world in Central Africa, and an older. It is less known, less explored than the Congo region, and was peopled earlier. It is far more civilized than the Congo. It is not wholly heathen. Half its people worship in their way the one living God; they are Monotheists, Mahomedans; the other half, the lower, subject, conquered half, are heathen. Arab monotheism and negro fetishism are mingled in the Soudan. Its people are of mixed blood and mixed religions.

The name Soudan is a witness to the mixture. It is an Arabic name, and means "Land of the Blacks." It witnesses that the land of the Negro has become Arab. The Semite and the Hamite dwell together in its sunny plains.

The Soudan lies between the great desert of Sahara and the vast Congo basin. It is bounded on the East by the Indian Ocean, and on the West by the Atlantic. America is 3,000 miles broad from New York to San Francisco; the Soudan is half as broad again—4,500 miles.

The Soudan consists of three regions; a Western and Eastern, and a Central. Western Soudan is the region of the lordly *Niger*; Eastern Soudan is the region of the upper *Nile* and Central Soudan is the region round lake *Tchad*. The Soudan is the true home of the Negro. In North Africa, not of the Sahara, the people are Berbers, Moors, Arabs; in South Africa; including the Congo, the people are Bantus; in the Soudan, the natives are Negroes. The Arabs are innovators. They have come in and conquered, but are not natives of the soil. They have acclimatized, and are at home among the sons of Ham; they proudly rule them; they semi-civilize them, they hold them in slavery, but they do not lift them up to God.

In the Soudan the people speak a host of languages. More than a hundred such are known to exist. Their tongues are a Babel; a confusion

of sounds, uttering no reasonableness and rightness of true religion; no gladness and gratefulness of holy praise.

The Western rampart bounding the Soudan, running for two thousand miles parallel with the Atlantic coast line, is the range of the Kong Mountains. The Eastern boundary of the Soudan proper may be said to be the mountains of Abyssinia. The breadth of this inner Soudan is about that of the United States. If San Francisco was on the Kong Mountains, New York would be in Abyssinia. In all this Central Soudan there is not found to-day witnessing for Jesus Christ, *one solitary missionary*.

Travellers have crossed the Soudan in all directions. They have gone at the risk of their lives. Many of them like Mongo Park, have died in exploring it. They have left their tracts and traces all over it. But the missionary of the cross has never entered it. The Arab has gone there. He has conquered and killed, and boasted of Allah and Mahomet, and multiplied houses and wives and slaves; but the messengers of the cross have shunned the region. They have not cared or dared to enter it. Merchants have gone there: gold seekers have gone; hundreds of each are gathering the riches of the land. There are half a score of steamers on the Niger; there is a Royal Niger Company which has made two hundred treaties with the Niger chiefs and potentates; a company with chartered rights and government powers; but the missionary of a Higher Power and a noble enterprise makes no attempt to go in and possess the land for Jesus Christ. There is a mission on the lower Niger, the Delta region, but in Central Soudan, along the 1,900 miles of the Kwoorra and Joliba; along the 600 miles of the Binne, in the mountains of Adamawa, in the plains of the Hausa tribes in the rugged ranges of Darfur in the forests of Kordofan, among the teeming millions of the Soudan proper, no missionaries are found, no Gospel is proclaimed, no Bibles are scattered, no voice is lifted up to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

The men of the world are the heroes of the Soudan. Travellers there have been heroic. Distance has been no bar to them. Disease and death have proved unable to affright them. Neither love of friends, nor fear of foes, has been able to dissuade them from their fixed resolve to open it to the knowledge of the world, and bring its people into contact with the civilization of surrounding lands. But the herald of salvation has feared or scorned, or forgotten this mighty

heritage of a host of heathen nations. They have left them all these ages to the reign of unmix'd darkness and unmitigated depravity.

How much longer shall this state of things continue? How much longer shall a population in Central Africa equal to, or greater than that of the whole of North America, be allowed to remain in ignorance of the way of life? How much longer shall the command of Him whom we call "Our Lord Jesus Christ," to go into *all* the world and preach the gospel to *every creature*, be, as far as the millions of Central Soudan is concerned, neglected, disregarded, and ignored?

We plead for these neglected millions. We raise our voices on their behalf. They cannot speak for themselves. Distance makes them dumb. Strangeness silences them. They wander in moral midnight. They know not what they do. Year after year, age after age they fall and perish as though of no more worth than the withered leaves of Autumn. They have died by millions, and none has cared for them. Torrid sun and sweeping rain have bleached their bones, or blanched their sepulchres. Melancholy winds have moaned their requiem. Relentless time has rolled over their generations the billows of oblivion. They have perished from the earth, gone into a dark and dread eternity, without ever having heard of Him who died and rose that men might live, who was lifted up from the earth to draw all men unto Him, and who cries aloud to a ruined but redeemed humanity, "Come unto me, ye all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

### India.

I feel more than ever my own insufficiency for the Lord's work, but am "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith." I am physically stronger than one year ago, and find that for each day strength is given according to my need. Am finding many opportunities of service, even with limited knowledge of the language: have organized a society of King's Daughters among Miss Dawley's older girls, and the few Christian women here. We number eighteen: meeting weekly, and are being blessed in our gatherings. I am delighted to have a class of little ones in our Marathi Sunday School. Last Sabbath was the first time I had taken them alone.

I also superintended the Sunday School in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Tallor the same day, reviewing the lesson without an interpreter, except for two or three sentences. I had studied hard on the lesson and the Lord did bless me in making this new attempt. The people said they understood what I said all right. A short time since one of Miss Dawley's best girls was

married to a native evangelist of the American Marathi Mission, a grand, intelligent Christian man, whose father was a converted Brahmin. The people flocked to witness the ceremony, and we prayed that they would be led to see the difference between a Christian and a heathen wedding. We observed our American Than's giving Day here.

On Christmas we had a precious time. Marathi service morning and evening; in the afternoon met at Miss Dawley's, where were simple exercises in Marathi and English by the little ones. Miss Dawley has both departments in her school. Then we had a right merry time. I sat on the floor of the verandah and ate rice and curry, etc., with the native boys. We had no watch-night service, but on New Year's day one of the most precious prayer meetings I ever attended, although but six were present, the present number of the missionary workers here. In the evening we held a Marathi service. A few weeks ago I saw such a sad sight, an immoral woman near us died, and as she was out of caste, no caste people would bury her. Her mother who is a respectable woman, would not submit to the awful disgrace of letting the Christians bury her, so after waiting until the municipal authorities threatened to interfere, sent for the women of the same sort as the dead woman had been, who are supposed to bury their own kind of women. Everything was done in the most heartless manner possible, amid the hooting and scoffs of the assembled crowd. The corpse was brought out, and placed in a sitting posture against the house, a little water thrown over it to answer for a bath; then it was roughly placed in a rude cart, a few yards of cloth wound around it and driven off. Not a thought seemed to enter the minds of the by-standers that this of itself was bad, but only that the woman had broken caste. I realized as never before the strength of this dreadful system, and could see a little of how the people dread to become Christians for fear of just such a burial. One man recently said he would become a Christian after his mother died, but he wanted the privilege of burying her. I had quite a talk with an educated young man to-day, who very kindly informed me that if I wished to do any good in India, I would not try to get the people to love the Lord Jesus, but would work for their welfare instead. I had told him that all I came for was to tell people about Christ and try to get them to love Him too. He said I might succeed in getting a very few of the lower classes to do this, but that none of the high caste would do so. I praise God that there are some glorious exceptions and that the soul of a low caste person is just as valuable in His sight as my one.

It is frightful to think of the cruel way in which the native doctors treat their patients. One lame woman was suffering from a few boils on her back, and one hundred or eight y leeches were applied. Afterwards a physician was called in, it was unnecessary to save her life as so much blood had been taken from her back.

Much interest has been manifested in India on the subject of establishing leper asylums, which are greatly needed. We

often see lepers going about the streets in a frightful condition. There has been a very hopeful number of conversions amongst those already in such asylums.

As a company of Christians workers here in Akola, we realize that the Lord has given us a great uplift of faith. We feel that we are of one accord in the case and are confidently expecting the Lord to do great things for this people, and are praying that our own lives may be in such direct communion with Christ that He can use of as He wills.

I am indeed grateful that some of the dear members of the Alliance, are praying for their missionaries every day, and it is my delight to thus pray for the work and workers connected with our Society. I thank God for the blessings attending the different branches of the work.

CARRIE B. BATES.

### Letter From Mr. Johnston.

Houan, China,

Christmas Evening, 1889.

You may think I have forgotten the dear old friends of my Christian childhood; such is indeed not the case, however, as in both my thoughts and prayers, the old familiar faces of Gospel tent workers and friends find a place.

To give you an outline of my goings to and fro these past few months is perhaps the most interesting news I can give you.

One finds their life in China so monotonous, at least in some respects, that even here it is difficult to make selections; but it is not a monotonous theme to speak of the love and goodness of God to me. I cannot begin to speak of His gracious dealings, but everyone knows their own trials and conflicts, and also the personal comfort derived from drawing near to God as they realize His forgiving, forbearing and comforting grace.

Since writing to you before, I have taken one or two journeys, and the last time it is somewhere about three months since I left Choo Tiao Kiao the old place.

I started in company with Mr. Mills, an old fellow-student of Cliff, England, with the intention of opening up new work, as the Lord should prosper us. Our first trip occupied about a month and then returning to a central spot, a city of about 10,000 people, we made it our headquarters and stayed in the native S. A.

Two months passed, and in the intervals we made one or two journeys, and lately we thought it would be as well to let the people know we would rent a house if one was to be had. In a few weeks we were privileged to get one, and yesterday we moved into it and took possession.

Renting houses out here you must remember is not the same as at home, as you will see by the fact that two of our fellow-workers in this province were turned out of their house after being in a few months and

they are at present under Chinese military escort on their way to Hankow.

The people here, however, seem friendly, and we are hoping that the Lord may continue to give us favor in the eyes of those people and cause His word to prosper and His work to flourish.

The great advantage of this station is its central location, and also its nearness to the Capital of the Province being 45 li (15 miles) distant. To have a recognized standing in the Province, it is necessary that the Capital should be opened, and as it is still anti-foreign to a great extent, we hope by repeatedly visiting the city to make ourselves familiar with its inhabitants and so open the way for a permanent settlement.

Mr. Mills and I together visited the city once and made a general survey of the place, giving the people every opportunity of knowing we were foreigners, but we did not attempt Gospel work, except the selling of some books in the Sun yard.

A month later I visited it alone and only a day or so ago I returned from a journey of some ten days, and the last two nights I slept in the famous city. This time in company with a native helper I determined to make a trial of preaching and book selling on the street. Arriving about noon on a Tuesday, we had a splendid time for several hours. The crowds were friendly, and we disposed of books quite freely. Next morning, encouraged by the previous evening's experience, we started out with a large stock, and a reserve supply which a borrowman carried. We had a splendid time up to eleven o'clock from early morning. About this time the people were coming and going freely, when suddenly an old man about sixty appeared on the outer edge of the crowd and without the slightest provocation shouted aloud: "Lang Kuei tsr takta takta." ("Foreign devil, beat him, beat him.") And pushing aside the crowd he came up to me and made a kick at me, and then to take hold of my dress, but I succeeded in preventing his doing so though without using any force. I then moved a yard or so to one side and the crowd filling in, the old man was once more on the outskirts and now contented himself with coming and throwing clay or rather mud at me, but soon passed on down the street. By this time you can imagine the crowd was larger and friendly and well disposed. I went on preaching and selling books as fast as I could take in cash.

Some three hours or more had passed and I was still busy in the same place, when I was again apprised of my old friends presence in the crowd by having a mouthful of chewed turnip spat in my face and the old cry, "Foreign devil, beat him, beat him."

From his manner he was more excited and enraged than before, and as he pushed his way excitedly through the people and made a rush for my servant who was packing up a bundle of books, and then turned toward me, I quietly moved to the other side of

the pillar and thought he would move off as before, but not so; he noticed the armful of books I had and making for them, he succeeded in grasping a handful and scattering them. As I twisted the remainder out of his grasp, he caught me by the most convenient appendage, vulgarly known as the "pigtail," and then things began to look serious; however with one hand, I managed to free myself, while I still kept my grasp of the books. Now being free I moved slowly down the street. My old friend did not follow, but satisfied his rage by calling down vengeance upon the "foreign devil."

Seeing a large crowd was following me I thought it would be a good opportunity of speaking a few words on the principles of the Gospel, and taking advantage of some steps I spoke to the people, telling them of the great principles of love which underlay the Gospel which he preached. How that we are taught to love those who hate us, forgive those who injure us, etc., until a few, at least, in the crowd asserted their belief in such principles as being good by nods and smiles and the sympathy of the people seemed mine, as I told them the old man might hate me, yet, I bore no hatred toward him.

I again started down the street and had gotten about one quarter of a mile with the crowd following me. I again took my stand on the street and continued preaching and selling books until dark and enjoyed the time. By dark my books were all sold except three small copies. Now I had to make my way alone to the Inn. Neither my native helper nor my borrowman showed up the whole afternoon after the trouble. I found them all safe however, when I reached the Inn. Scarcely had I sat down when I had the pleasure of a visit from two Chinese officials—civil and a military mandarin—who were glad to know I proposed leaving the city next morning, as they heard that I had been beaten on the street that day. I took advantage of the opportunity and sold one of the mandarin's New Testament, a book on Christian Evidences and several other good books. So praise the Lord for this way of getting truth into the hands of the upper classes.

Please pray especially for the opening up of this city, Kai Fung Fes, the capital of Houan province. It is a town of about three miles square, well walked and thickly peopled.

How much I would like to step in some Sabbath day and have fellowship with those I knew in bye-gone days. Thank God though the way may be rough and dreary there is a haven of Refuge ahead. He knoweth our wanderings through this great wilderness and He changeth not. Give my kindest regards to all who know and remember me, and hoping that this may be the most happy, Holy and blessed year of your life,

I am Yours in Christian Love,

W. S. JOHNSTON.

## Children's Corner.

### A Praying Mother.

The first thing to notice in the life of Samuel is this, that like most good men he had a praying mother. When I was a boy, there was a favorite story of mine about a negro who sat one day on the deck of a steamer waiting to be sold. He was very wretched sitting there with his face buried in his hands, when a stranger came up and asked him what was the matter.

"Me gwine to be sold, massa," said the poor negro.

"What for?" asked the stranger.

"Well you see, me disobey orders. Me pray too long and too loud, and my massa gwine to sell me. He let me pray easy, but when me gets happy me begin to holler, and then me know nothing about orders or any thing else."

The stranger was struck with his appearance, and as the master came up just then, he said, "What will you take for your negro?"

The price was a hundred and fifty pounds. "He was healthy," the master said, "and the best hand on the estate. But he got religious, and used to pray so loud that the master had resolved to get rid of him."

Now the stranger thought it would be a very good thing if he could get a good negro to pray for him and for his family, so he bought him.

"Has he a wife and family?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," said the old master, "a wife and three children, and I will sell them for a hundred and fifty more."

The stranger paid the three hundred pounds, and then going up to the negro, said, "Well, Moses, I've bought you."

"O hab you, Massa?" and the poor negro looked very, very sad. He was thinking of his wife and children.

"Yes, and your wife and children, too," said the stranger.

"God bless you for that!" cried Moses.

"And look here," said the gentleman, "you may pray as much and as long and as loud as you like, only whenever you pray you must pray for me and for my wife and my children."

"Why, bless the Lord," cried Moses "me hab all kinds o' commodation, like Joseph in Egypt."

Twelve months had gone by, when one day his old master had come in to see him. He found Moses measuring corn, and looking very happy. "I want to buy Moses back again," he said; "I can't get on without him; every thing is going wrong and I've been a miserable man."

"No," said his master; "I'm not going to sell Moses to anybody; but I shall give him his liberty, and let him work for me, if he will, as a free man; for since he has been here, I and my wife and my children have found the Saviour, and everything has prospered wonderfully. I owe more than I ever can tell to praying Moses."

"O Massa!" cried Moses, with tears in his eyes, "me always prays for you too, sure. Me put the old Massa, and the new one both together."

Now is it a man would give three hundred pounds for a praying slave, who can tell the worth of a praying mother? Next to the love of Jesus in our own hearts, the best thing in the world, this—a mother, who prays for us. I have heard people say, sometimes of a boy who was born heir to a large estate, or to very much money "Ah, he's a lucky fellow; he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth." But very often it was the most unlucky thing that could happen. This is the best fortune any child can have—the inheritance of a mother's prayers.

### Simplicity of the Bible.

We must take pains to show how reliable the Bible is. A little girl was bribed once to read the account in Nehemiah and Ezra about the building of the wall. She had taken a stubborn little notion that she didn't like the Bible—"such great, long, old-fashioned words," she said. The wise mother turned away from the stately periods of Habakkuk and even the magnificent melody of the Psalms, and set her child down to "read astory." It wasn't many minutes before the little thing ran out with eager eyes and face full of interest. "Why, mamma!" she said in a tone of intense surprise, "it talks just like folks!" She had come to the sneering speeches of Tobiah the Ammonite, and the grand words of Nehemiah. "Wasn't Nehemiah just splendid! And didn't Darius fix those mean fellows that bothered him? He said if they didn't help good he would pull a piece of their house out to hang 'em on!"

Don't begin at the wrong end of the Bible. If your little folks don't enjoy

the Epistles to the Corinthians, let them try the sweet, plain stories of the Gospel. They won't need bribing as soon as they have found out that the people in them "talk like folks."

### The Beggar and the Lord.

BY REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

There's a legend I long shall remember  
That is told in the annals of Wales,  
That country so famed for its fairies,  
So rich in its proverbs and tales.

A lord very wealthy and courted,  
One night, on retiring to bed,  
Heard a voice in the darkness  
Declaring  
This message, which filled him with  
Dread.

"Ere morning the richest and greatest  
Of all in the parish shall die!"  
Three times was the prophecy uttered.  
Then the voice sank away with a  
Sigh.

"Who else," thought the Lord, "is  
intended.

Than myself? Sure no other so great  
And rich can be found in the parish—  
None else of such station and state."

So he summoned his household about  
him

That all might be fully prepared.  
Watched, waited and wept they till  
daybreak;

Lo! his life, to their joy, had been  
spared,

But at sunrise the church bell was  
tolling.

And the lord in surprise and in pride,  
Sent to learn for whose death it was  
ringing;

A blind beggar it was who had died.

Then the nobleman knew by the  
warning

A timely rebuke had been given;  
The beggar was richer and greater—  
His riches were laid up in heaven.

And the lesson he humbly accepted  
From the beggar he often had  
spurned.

And to aiding the suffering and needy  
His long hoarded treasure was  
turned.

When years after, the noble lay dying,  
The beautiful legend relates.

The angels were heard singing wel-  
comes

Far off from the heavenly gates.

And they buried the lord as he wished  
them—

For so he had given decree—  
In the grave where they'd buried the  
beggar.

Who had been so much richer than  
he.



